



THE DIAL, THE LITTLE REVIEW

AND THE NEW MOVEMENT

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The study of magazines provides an unusually rich approach for the student and the scholar working in American Studies, both because it provides a context for cultural artifacts of many different sorts and levels and because it thereby provides the data that enable the researcher to arrive at viable conclusions about American culture.

To the superficial observer, a relatively insignificant episode in the history of the 1920's is the relationship between the two chief journals of the vanguard, The Little Review and The Dial. What it involved was, apparently, a kind of contest to see who published which promising -- or, less sympathetically, notorious -- author or artist first, and the contest would be won by the editor who collected the larger and more widely publicized stable of front runners. Becoming a front runner depended on the artist's ability and willingness to shock and often as not to affront the larger public that consumed The Atlantic Monthly, The Literary Digest and The Saturday Evening Post. Being involved in a law suit over the alleged indecency of one's prose or the recognizability of one's sculpture as art -- the fate respectively of James Joyce and Constantin Brancusi -- didn't hurt one's chances of being published in The Little Review and of being defended in The Dial. The problem of course was a much more serious matter than mere notoriety, for the notoriety itself involved the acceptance of the vanguard, of the New Movement, by the larger public. These remarks, then, while concerned primarily with the relatively narrow world of the little magazines in the early 1920's, impinge on another matter, the acceptance of works of art of a radically different kind from those traditionally brought into American homes -- an acceptance that argues a fundamental change in attitudes transcending those toward art and letters.

Both relationships within the intellectual and artistic vanguard itself and of the vanguard with the public at large were made more difficult by their characterizing, conflicting traits. The millions of consumers seem to have asked for nothing else than their accustomed diet of Harold Bell Wright and Ethel M. Dell. To them the effort of the poet or novelist or artist representing the "new" was an affront, a cheap attempt to shock merely to titillate. Max Putzel says that when the component poems of Edgar Lee Masters' Spoon River Anthology appeared in William Marion Reedy's weekly

Reedy's Mirror beginning with the issue for May 29, 1914, they "were at their best as they poured out in the Mirror with no premeditated order. Their impetuosity had the conviction of unforeseen events and the spontaneous feelings they provoke."¹ But it was those characterizing traits of impetuosity and spontaneity that provoked the mistrust and, in the event, the anger of some elements of the public outside the members of the New Movement itself. And those very traits caused the writers and reformers of the New Movement to disagree among themselves about the larger significance of their own struggle.

What was the intention, what was the direction of such a great outpouring of talent and emotional and intellectual energy? How should one most effectively confront the critics outside the movement? In The New Republic for December 15, 1920, in his essay entitled "America, Listen To Your Own," D. H. Lawrence impetuously advised Americans that they "must take up life where the Red Indian, the Aztec, the Maya, the Incas left it off. . . . They must catch the pulse of the life which Cortes and Columbus murdered. There lies the real continuity, not between Europe and the New States, but between the murdered Red American and the seething White America."

To which advice Walter Lippmann coolly replied in the same issue that "Americans can 'start with Montezuma' with precisely as much success as the distinguished author of *Sons and Lovers* can start with Sargon. That is to say, they can start by looking him up in the encyclopedia." And Lippmann made the further point that in 1920 "American artists and American writers are not being suffocated by the perfection of the past, but by the scorn of excellence in the present. . . . We have a Mayor in New York whose contempt for 'art artists' has been publicly expressed. We have a public opinion that quakes before the word highbrow as if it denoted a secret sin, and bureaucrats who will not permit Mr. Lawrence's novels to go unpurgated through the mails. His article would please them if they read it. They would see in it still another way in which to isolate themselves from the dangerous contagion of the human race."

It is impossible to understand seminal writers like Lawrence, Masters, Joyce, Eliot and Dreiser without viewing their work as integral to the controversy of the period: controversy between the hotheads and the more rational spirits in the New Movement; controversy with such philistines as the mayor of New York. Primarily such controversy was engaged in by the newspapers and magazines, and among the journals of the vanguard undoubtedly the impetuous Little Review bore the brunt of the struggle. The cooler and more cautious Dial reaped the benefits of its colleague's pugnacity -- and soon earned in its turn the animosity of the more daring journal. In 1919-20, the furore over the new freedom of literary expression culminated in the suppression of portions of Ulysses, while it was being serialized in The Little Review. The sixth issue thus to be censored contained

Episode XIII of Ulysses, the passage in which, as Margaret Anderson explains, "Mr. Bloom indulges in simple erotic musings about Gerty McDowell."² The fact that Miss Anderson and Jane Heap, proprietors of the journal, felt themselves to be pure in heart made little difference to the executive secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, John S. Sumner.

The Washington Square Bookshop was "served with papers by the Society for the Suppression of Vice for having sold a copy of The Little Review containing Joyce's Episode XIII."³ John Quinn, the famous lawyer and collector of modern art and patron of Joyce and other writers, defended Miss Anderson and Miss Heap; Scofield Thayer, the editor of The Dial and also a famous patron of art and artists, gave freely of his testimony for the defense; the ladies nevertheless lost their case.

Inevitably the effects were felt by other and more prosperous journals, perhaps chiefly by the newly refurbished Dial, which had been bought by Scofield Thayer and James Sibley Watson from Martyn Johnson late in 1919 and redesigned as the leading journal of arts and letters and undoubtedly the most munificent magazine to patronize the vanguard. The Dial immediately became much more cautious about publishing not only Joyce -- to whom Thayer epistolarily apologized late in 1920 for his caution as editor -- but other writers of the New Movement.

The high point in the era of good feeling between The Dial and The Little Review was reached when, to publicize its support of its sister journal, The Dial gave -- "gave," without doubt, as Miss Anderson could not possibly have afforded the cost of such a luxury as an advertisement in The Dial -- The Little Review a full-page advertisement in its issue for April, 1920. "The Little Review / A Magazine of the Arts / making no compromise with the public taste," ran the copy, adding that "THE LITTLE REVIEW is not a chatty journal giving mere publicity about the Arts; it is not here to increase contemporary stupidity; it defends the artist against the Vigilanti of Common Sense: it gives him a chance to show his uncensored work with that of his peers ungarbled in editorial rooms." Perhaps it was also at this time that James Sibley Watson gave his famous hundred-dollar bill, the first of several, to Miss Anderson when he purchased from her bookshop a copy of T. S. Eliot's Prufrock and Other Poems. She ran after Watson and told him he had made a mistake, but he assured her that he had brought the money for The Little Review and that it was good. The couple returned to the Anderson apartment and talked; they became good friends and so remained during all the attacks The Little Review later made on The Dial.⁴

Cordial relations with the editor of The Dial in 1920 further aided The Little Review in its defense of the artist against the Vigilanti of Common Sense, led by John S. Sumner. The editorial column of monthly "Comment" for June, 1920, said that the "Comstockians have driven everything from

Fanny Hill to Rabelais, from Petronius to Dreiser, from the book-shelves, and the prosecutions for new books are necessarily few." Yet the age was not one of "religious fanaticism. The persecutors of art" were not "enthusiasts for God." The Dial admitted that it was "inclined to sympathize with this hatred which begins in fear and selfishness. It is only by hating beauty, wherever it is found, that the dreariness and banality of common life are made tolerable." Six months later, Scofield Thayer himself wrote the "Comment" (the manuscript of which is in the Dial papers). He compared what he termed "The Case Jurgin" with the Ulysses affair:

The suppression of The Little Review for printing Episode XIII of James Joyce's Ulysses has not attracted so much attention, but is likely to be longer remembered. One does not begrudge Mr Cabell his supporters, nor is one annoyed that where money is there a certain mild freedom is also. It is very nice that Messrs Schubert [sic] and Ziegfeld, The International Studio, The Police Gazette, and Vanity Fair are permitted to display the simpler facts of human anatomy and even of human physiology, but it is probably not very important to the greater glory of life. Mr Joyce, however, is an artist, and imbeciles who try to interfere with the circulation of his work are a nuisance.

The thing that mattered in this kind of outrage and blasphemy, so Thayer said, was liberty, and "the police alone, as the regularly constituted guardians of liberty, should be privileged to prosecute; and they should be compelled to prove, in accordance with Plato, that the offending work constitutes an absolute menace to the public good." Like so much that The Dial advocated, these prophetic words were a third of a century in advance of American popular opinion. Thayer's altruism is all the more striking when one learns that by the end of 1920 The Little Review had already begun to snipe away at the wealthier journal that it considered an unworthy rival.

In July, 1921, The Dial published John S. Sumner's apology for his prosecution of The Little Review, in the course of which he attacked Ernest Boyd for calling into question the rectitude of the forces imperiling the onward march of the New Movement. As Sumner saw the matter, "the offense of the defendant is an offense against society, the placing in traffic and in circulation of something which experience has shown is detrimental to the public wellbeing. . . . He has caused no personal injury . . . but he has violated a law enacted in the interests of society in general, one which the Supreme Court of the United States places on a par with laws in the interest of public health and public safety." The immediate cause of the prosecution was a letter the District Attorney of New York County received "from a reputable citizen in business on lower Broadway":

I enclose a copy under another cover -- of a copy of 'The Little Review' which was sent to my daughter unso-

THE LITTLE REVIEW

A MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS

making no compromise with the public taste

THE LITTLE REVIEW is not a chatty journal giving mere publicity about the Arts; it is not here to increase contemporary stupidity; it defends the artist against the Vigilanti of Common Sense: it gives him a chance to show his uncensored work with that of his peers ungarbled in editorial rooms.

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ABOVE: Advertisement of The Little Review in The Dial, April, 1920.
(see page 46).

On Being Queer

Christopher Columbus was queer. He had queer ideas about the earth being round. He thought India could be reached by sailing westward when everybody knew that it lay to the east. He was a freak, an oddity to be shunned by everyone.

Benjamin Franklin was queer. He stood out in the rain on dark nights and flew kites. He had strange ideas about education and government.

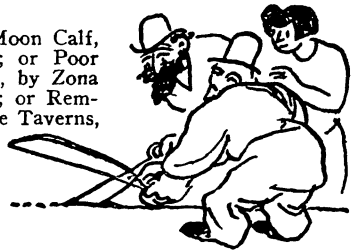
Walt Whitman was queer. He would stand for hours on a street corner and gaze abstractedly at the passing throng. He consorted with bus drivers, Broadway hoodlums, and others outside the pale of respectable society.

THE DIAL

is queer—to all lovers of the commonplace. It contains queer pictures, odd verse, bizarre stories, subtle essays, erudite book reviews, and exasperating criticism of art, music, and the theatre. It doesn't like what everybody likes simply because everybody likes it—which is why discerning people like it. "The vivid and various Dial," as the New York *Evening Post* describes it, is queer—in the same way that all things of distinction are queer.

Queer things do differ from the divine average of mediocrity.

FREE with a year's subscription to THE DIAL: Moon Calf, by Floyd Dell; or Main Street, by Sinclair Lewis; or Poor White, by Sherwood Anderson; or Miss Lulu Bett, by Zona Gale; or The Age of Innocence, by Edith Wharton; or Reminiscences of Tolstoy, by Maxim Gorky; or The Three Taverns, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; or any book in the Modern Library.



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ABOVE: House advertisement of The Dial (May, 1921). Although unsigned, the little cartoon is by a favorite Dial caricaturist, William Gropper.

licited. Please read the passages marked on pages 43, 45, 50, and 51. If such indecencies don't come within the provisions of the Postal Laws then isn't there some way in which the circulation of such things can be confined among the people who buy or subscribe to a publication of this kind? Surely there must be some way of keeping such 'literature' out of the homes of people who don't want it even if, in the interests of morality, there is no means of suppressing it.

Through the office of the District Attorney, the letter made its way to Sumner's group; a conference was held, and the upshot was a trial in which "three Justices of the Court of Special Sessions were of the . . . opinion" that the matter complained of was a violation of law -- and "there was a conviction." The part that the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice played in the trial was that of complaining witness, in place of the ordinary citizen "who would have declined the honour because he had a family to support and his time was entirely taken up with the business which was his livelihood." Was the District Attorney to "wink at this violation of the law" because Ernest Boyd and "some others are hysterical on the subject of 'lynch law in the arts'?"

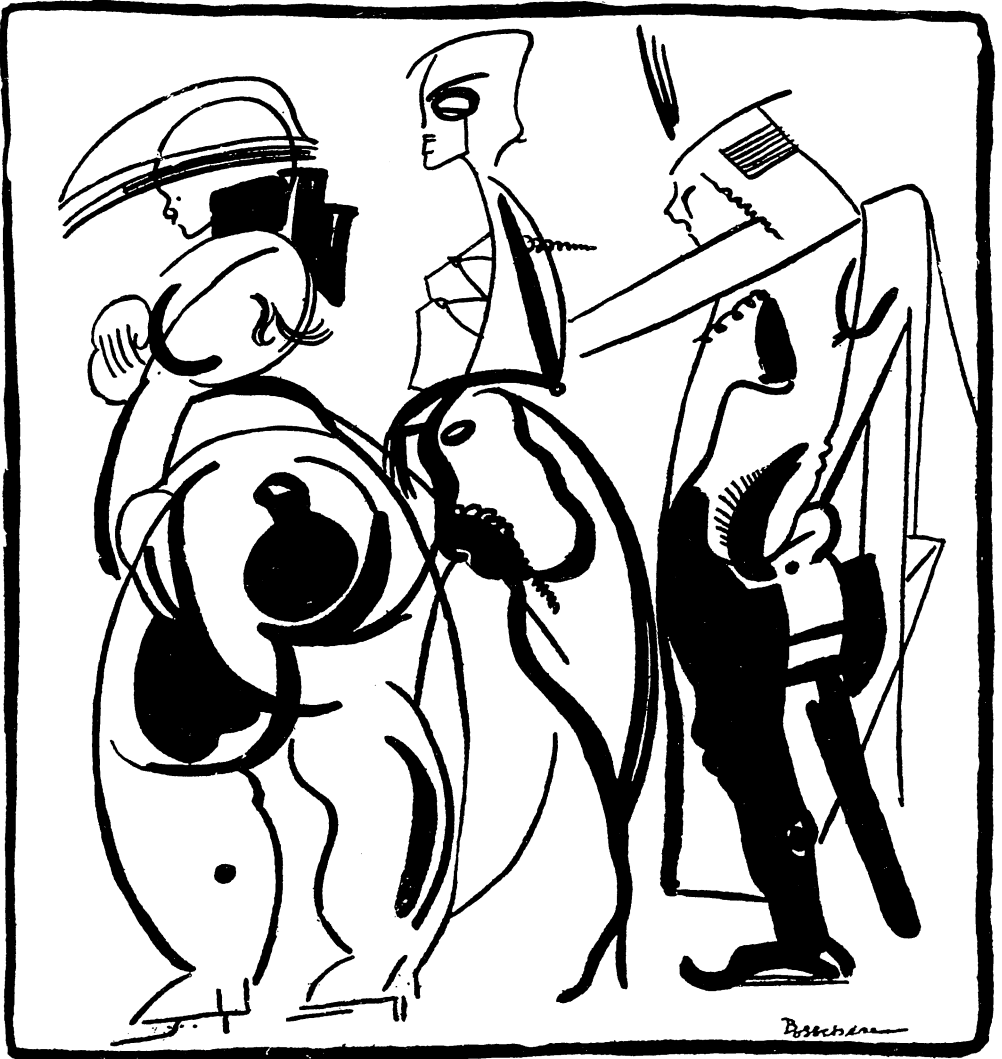
The Dial allowed Ernest Boyd to reply, at the conclusion of Sumner's self-justification. In a brief paragraph, Boyd merely said that as might be expected, Sumner endeavored to prove that his society was "essential to the moral welfare of America." And Boyd could "only conclude that plain English is as incomprehensible to Mr Sumner as art, which he confounds with dirty post cards." With this confrontation, The Dial concluded its public defense of The Little Review. It had courageously committed itself as much as it could, without actual legal involvement, possible censorship and consequent confiscation of its own issues, and, eventually, considerable financial loss to Thayer and Watson.

The two magazines thus got off to an amicable start in 1920; if there was rivalry, it was a friendly rivalry. Even were there no supporting instances, the advertisement of The Little Review that The Dial for April, 1920, published would, of itself, make apparent the breadth and, so to speak, the indivisibility of the New Movement: a continuum of tastes and attitudes however superficially divergent and even opposing. The Dial actively pursued a wider public; The Little Review announced that it would make no compromise with the public taste. Both journals nevertheless sought their respective ends with remarkably similar means. Of thirty-four writers named as contributors to The Little Review, in the advertisement under discussion, the two journals shared nineteen of these contributors, from Sherwood Anderson to William Butler Yeats. And of eight artists whose works The Little Review advertised itself as having reproduced, The Dial published five, from Jean de Bosschère to Osip Zadkine. Moreover, The

Dial and The Little Review shared a nobler aim with their contributors. The radical changes in taste and attitude instigated by the artists and writers and editors of the vanguard comprehended more than the "new" freedom of expression in the printed word; their notion of freedom was not restricted to the abandoning of Victorian prudery. The shock value of the work of those who participated in the New Movement was the greater and more enduring because that work incorporated, to be sure, changed attitudes toward sex and expressed them with a new frankness and realism -- but the shock value was the greater, it endured, because that work also expressed what was uttered in novel and shocking aesthetic forms. One wonders what most readers of The Dial made of T. S. Eliot's The Waste Land as it appeared in the issue for November, 1922 -- printed as a collection of individual poems under a general title and with none of its explanatory notes appended (Gilbert Seldes refused to print the notes to the poem, although they had arrived as a part of Eliot's typed copy). What is certain is that the shock value of the aesthetic form of The Waste Land, more than any other element of the poem, made it a cause célèbre.

With the publication of The Waste Land there arose not only the prolonged discord of praise and dissent over Eliot's poem, but also the sound of another dispute, equally intense if quieter, between The Dial and The Little Review. The early friendly relation of the two magazines changed for the worse in 1921 and 1922. After less than two years as editor, Scofield Thayer complained, in a moment of irritation with his hypercritical confreres among the little magazines, that they all showed a deplorable cousinship to Jane Heap. It is true, sad to report, that Thayer had some cause for complaint; the bad feeling was instigated by The Little Review, and, in it, chiefly by Jane Heap. Ostensibly the rather one-sided dispute -- most of the harsh words were written by Miss Heap -- had to do with the claim of The Little Review that it led the artistic vanguard. Whatever the validity of the claim, the dispute itself is most instructive, indicating as it does that the tempo of the changes brought about by the New Movement was slowing and also suggesting a wider popular acceptance of these changes.

Since its renovation in January, 1920, The Dial had published a number of works by artists and writers whom The Little Review previously had published and praised. James Joyce appeared in The Dial only once, as he was too controversial; "A Memory of the Players at Midnight," in The Dial for July, 1920, was innocuous in all save the name of the notorious author. More importantly for The Little Review, Ezra Pound, one of its chief contributors, was retained as Paris Correspondent of The Dial, and T. S. Eliot began a stint as London Correspondent for The Dial in March, 1921. Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap had cause to be grateful to Dr. Watson; as Miss Heap recalled in the final number of The Little Review in May, 1929, in some "Wreaths" to a number of persons and institutions whom she liked and here recalled, Watson, "while owner and publisher of The Dial, helped



ABOVE: Où Irai-je? by Jean de Bosschère (May, 1921). De Bosschère was one of the relatively few artists published in The Dial as well as in The Little Review.

The Little Review through several tragic moments. He knew a good magazine when he saw it." Still, that their journal pretty consistently ran afoul of the law and Mr. Sumner, whereas The Dial remained unscathed, that their circulation was tiny, that they could not afford the luxury of payment to contributors and that they had to be supported through the generosity of a rival who, as both ladies viewed the case, appropriated their ideas and their writers and even published reproductions of specific works of art already published and well publicized by The Little Review: all these were causes for reproach. Reproach indeed was their return for Dr. Watson's generosity. As early as its issue for September-December, 1920, in a double-page spread advertising its own virtues, The Little Review sailed into The Dial with an exchange between reader and staff:

Of course you see the Dial? Why in the name of literature do they start a magazine at this date and follow directly in your footsteps? Can't they do any pioneering of their own? I have followed your progress for the past five years and I am very loyal to your little journal. This loyalty may prejudice me to the extent of considering the Dial's policy a literary breach.

[Yes, we have had this called to our attention many times. The Dial's contents page often reads like our letter-head; but we don't mind, and they seem to like it. There is room in America for any number of efforts of this kind. And it is especially fitting, now that we have prohibition, to have a de-alcoholized version of The Little Review. -- jh]⁵

About a year later, a similar attack, again unsigned (could it have been written by Ezra Pound?), appeared:

As jh so admiringly says, isn't it wonderful to have an organ like the Dial for refreshing the memory?

In November 1918, "The Starry Sky" by Wyndham Lewis was reproduced in the Little Review; reappeared in the August Dial [i. e., August, 1921]. Zadkin's "Holy Family" in December 1918 Little Review now in current [i. e., October, 1921] Dial. What is it -- a merry-go-round?⁶

By this time, The Dial was disenchanted, though it said little. Privately, Scofield Thayer rejoiced when he could beat out Djuna Barnes in the reservation of pictures in Herwarth Walden's gallery Der Sturm in Berlin. She had omitted, on the preceding day, September 23, 1921, to ask for reservation rights, for reproduction in The Little Review, of Walden's holdings in contemporary art, so Thayer took the greatest pleasure in seeing to it that Walden agreed definitely to give no journal in America but The Dial the right to reproduce the pictures its editor chose (he spent the entire after-

noon with Walden, choosing two dozen, among them some Chagalls now in the Dial Collection). Only once did Miss Heap annoy The Dial to the point of response. In August, 1922, the editorial "Comment" (perhaps written by Gilbert Seldes) gave "publicity to her renunciation" when she suggested, apropos the attack that Gorham Munson's little magazine Secession made on The Dial for its alleged lack of "homogeneity" of contents, that she was "not rushing to the rescue of the Dial," as it had "a larger audience" than The Little Review.⁷ The publicity thus given was an ironic reminder that, fairly recently, The Dial had rushed to the rescue of The Little Review. "Comment's" joshing self-defense and the reference to The Little Review and its proprietors were good-humored if, to Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, irritatingly condescending. Their irritation arose from a feeling that The Little Review had done the spade work from which The Dial profited.

Relations between the two magazines deteriorated still further in 1922. Its number for Autumn, 1922, actually issued early in 1923, The Little Review called the "Brancusi number"; its pages were largely devoted to photographic reproductions of sculptures by Constantin Brancusi and to discussions of his work. Brancusi's sculptures were as startlingly original in form and as controversial in treatment of subject as Ulysses; and The Little Review admitted no compromises in its advocacy of such work as The Kiss, various versions of Mlle. Pogany and the Golden Bird. It was no consolation at all that in The Dial for November, 1922, the famous issue in which The Waste Land was introduced to American readers, there also appeared Brancusi's brass sculpture of the Golden Bird, reproduced in the same photograph that the sculptor had given The Little Review, accompanied by Mina Loy's poetic eulogy, "Brancusi's Golden Bird." The Dial's customary note on a new contributor made only cursory mention of The Little Review and its special number: "Constantin Brancusi is a sculptor, born in Rumania and now living in Paris. He first became known in this country through the Armory Exhibition of 1913, and was recently the subject of a special number of The Little Review. He has worked in virtually every material amenable to sculpture." What The Dial did not say was that Vanity Fair, a magazine with a much wider circulation than itself and The Little Review combined, had scooped The Dial by publishing a page of photographs of Brancusi's work entitled "New Sculptures by Constantin Brancusi" in its issue for May, 1922, showing "Torso," "Mlle. Pogany," "The Kiss," as photographed by Charles Sheeler, plus a photograph of "Brancusi at Work" (something that The Little Review had not published).⁸ The three-pronged publicity thus given to Brancusi is important to consider.

What the proprietors of The Little Review now were reduced to complaining about could no longer be, in fact, that they continued "really" to lead the vanguard and that other journals took the credit for doing so. The changes in taste and attitudes promulgated by the New Movement had become too widespread for such a charge to ring true had they continued to assert it;

acceptance of artists like Brancusi and writers like Joyce and Eliot had become fashionable by 1923. The editorial complaints of The Little Review veered to two charges, with a third implied. The Autumn, 1922, issue of The Little Review (published in 1923) made the two charges, one sent in by a reader-correspondent and made against The Dial only, the other made by Jane Heap against a group of magazines:

Do you ever read the advertisements of the other magazines? . . . The Dial's Christmas cards described it as the only journal devoted to art and letters in America. Such deliberate dishonesty! Why doesn't jh go after them?

To which Miss Heap replied:

I am not a professional trimmer. These magazines are business concerns. They use the advertising methods of certain grades of business. They place themselves. The Little Review is for and by the artist, we have no interest in confusing the public or in directing it to buy only from us. Buying and selling isn't our fun. jh⁹

The Dial was, of course, not being dishonest in asserting its uniqueness as the only journal devoted to art and letters in America. Its devotion to art and letters was both more comprehensive and profounder than, though perhaps not as narrowly intense as, the equally sincere devotion of The Little Review. In the sense in which The Dial announced the uniqueness of its devotion to the life of literature and the arts in America, surely the assertion has generally been granted. As for the second accusation, it is made as a statement of fact with the implication that somehow the devotion to the public rather than to the artist is demeaning and corruptive. Whatever the validity of her implication, Miss Heap's statement is true, of course. Scofield Thayer had exploded in a letter of November 28, 1922, to his associate editor, Gilbert Seldes, that

The photograph of "The Golden Bird" should of course never have been accepted. We should only have pictures in The Dial (Mr. Watson agreed with me as to this question in Berlin and assured me he would see to it that such things should not further appear in The Dial) which at once have aesthetic value and are not commercially suicidal. The picture in question has no aesthetic value whatever and is commercially suicidal. As to the quality of "The Golden Bird," having only seen this picture I of course have no idea whatever.¹⁰

Thayer and Watson at this juncture in the affairs of their review were making great efforts to the end that The Dial would eventually break even financially. They did not aspire to make a profit from The Dial, but they did hope that it would cease losing money at the rate of eighty thousand dollars a year. Among the devices to which they and the Dial staff resorted in

order to attract a wider public than that of The Little Review were several used by magazines as diverse as the Atlantic Monthly, the National Geographic and Vanity Fair. Undoubtedly, it was the example of this last-named periodical that The Dial emulated. A house advertisement in Vanity Fair for March, 1922, reads: "Do You Know -- That Vanity Fair maintains these Six Service Departments for your convenience?" The six are Financial Department, Amusement Department, Book Department, Shopping Department, Automobile Department and Travel Department; by applying to them, the reader of Vanity Fair might obtain, for a price or gratis, depending on the department (one bought books and theater tickets from the appropriate departments; one received advice and practical aid from the others), what he sought. The Dial instituted book and travel departments, duplicating those of Frank Crowninshield's magazine; it also used its house advertisements to puff "Dial Advertisers," as when in the November, 1920, issue it points out its monthly listing of gallery exhibitions and its advertisements of publishers, bookshops and "unusual schools." These are the "advertising methods" that Jane Heap objected to for her own journal; ironically, Miss Anderson and she advertised a book service for The Little Review. Perhaps theirs was a service "for and by the artist."

By 1923 the proprietors of The Little Review were thus reduced to the indignity of insincerities in their magnificent struggle to keep going. It is a measure of the futility of their accusations that bitterness creeps in, supplanting the old tone of feckless gaiety. True, poverty even in Greenwich Village in its heyday was difficult to bear; and the strain of the events culminating in the Ulysses trial tells, despite her valor, in Margaret Anderson's words in The Little Review for January-March, 1921: "The trial of the Little Review for printing a masterpiece is now over -- lost, of course, but if anyone thought there was a chance of our winning . . . in the United States of America" And she added: "It is the only farce I ever participated in with any pleasure."¹¹ Equally hard to bear was her realization that the New Movement was spreading, was slowing down, that the great and signal changes in art and letters were becoming incorporated in the mainstream of middle-class American culture, that "her" artists and writers were deserting her and her journal -- though in these years one cannot separate Margaret Anderson from The Little Review: "she" was also "it" -- and that all she stood for was now the common coin of magazines, such as Vanity Fair, that were, candidly, "business concerns."

How far beyond the circle of Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap the New Movement had spread by 1923 one may gather from a single instance. In its issue for June, 1923, Vanity Fair published a group of six poems by T. S. Eliot.¹² All had been published previously; for example, "La Figlia Che Piange" had first appeared in Harriet Monroe's Poetry in September, 1916, as one of a group of five poems sent in by the young American from his wartime exile in England¹³ and then had been collected in the author's

first volume of poems, Prufrock and Other Observations, of 1917. One hazards the guess that not enough readers of Vanity Fair were familiar with Eliot's writing for it to matter that Frank Crowninshield and his staff were printing second- and third-hand material. The publication of Eliot's poems in the magazine refutes Cleveland Amory's assertion that "Above all, Vanity Fair was ahead of its time in the search for new talent." Amory's statement is hardly strengthened by his "list of American and foreign discoveries . . . unmatched by any other magazine in a similar period" -- especially as he cites to support his point Thomas Wolfe, Gertrude Stein, E. E. Cummings (who was in fact "discovered" by The Dial, as he once acknowledged to this writer), Edmund Wilson, Robert Sherwood, Paul Gallico, Corey Ford, Margaret Chase Harriman, Clare Boothe Brokaw, Gilbert Seldes (who was managing editor of The Dial from 1921 until the close of 1923; and who had first contributed to The Dial in 1917!), Allan Seager, Carl Carmer, P. G. Wodehouse, Aldous Huxley, Colette, Ferenc Molnar and "many others."¹⁴ Aside from the quality of the contributions published in Vanity Fair by the writers Amory listed, the majority of them had slight connection with the New Movement and what it represented. Rather, Vanity Fair was, to use a social phrase, in the swim -- not ahead of its time.

Observing "La Figlia Che Piange" in Vanity Fair in its issue for June, 1923, a knowledgeable reader realizes that the writers and artists of the vanguard, those of the New Movement, had consolidated the gains of the movement and that their works of art were now becoming commercially valuable property. Thus, if the New Movement was transforming American culture during the early 1920's, by an ironical reciprocity and in the same years the New Movement itself was becoming *embourgeoisé*.

As for The Dial and The Little Review, there is little further to recount of the relationship. Realizing that her part in the New Movement had now been played, Margaret Anderson wished to allow the journal to die. Jane Heap demurred; she insisted that it continue publication, and largely by her efforts The Little Review endured, sporadically, through the 1920's and ended its career with an issue of farewell and summation in 1929. Miss Anderson wisely had cut her losses and had gone to France in 1924 to live with Georgette Leblanc a very differently oriented life, more private, more personal, quite away as it were from the middle of things. The Dial, for its part, had always been casual in its attitude toward The Little Review except for those months in 1920 during which Scofield Thayer defended it and James Sibley Watson supported it. As oblivious to the vicissitudes of The Little Review as The Little Review was to The Dial's own less checkered years of publication, The Dial, too, continued to the end of the decade, expiring quietly with the issue of July, 1929. The major struggle -- Margaret Anderson's 'Thirty Years' War' -- had been won by the forces of the New Movement, and American tastes had changed through the popular acceptance of the kind of art and literature which both The Little Review and The Dial had advo-

cated and had published. Perhaps not the least effective element in deciding that struggle was the combative insistence by both journals on their respective freedoms to express the new themes in novel aesthetic forms. And their internecine dispute itself advertised, as no other means could, the integrity of these forces ultimately allied in America's cultural Thirty Years

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Footnotes:

¹ The Man in the Mirror (Cambridge, 1963), 202.

² My Thirty Years' War (New York, 1930), 212; references to the history of The Little Review occur throughout this memoir; Miss Anderson's later life in Europe, with Georgette Leblanc, is the subject of Margaret Anderson, The Fiery Fountains (New York, 1951). Margaret Anderson's brief service on The Dial of Francis Fisher Browne, in Chicago (ca. June-July, 1912), is described in My Thirty Years' War, 27-31; amusing in itself, it has little bearing on the present paper. From her family home in Indianapolis, Miss Anderson went to Chicago, took a room at the YWCA and within two days found a job as a book clerk, at eight dollars a week, in the Browne family's famous book store, "the most beautiful bookshop in the world." Miss Anderson recalls "the offices of the Dial, a literary review founded by Edgar Allan Poe, which at this time was edited by Francis F. Browne. . . . I was soon taken on the staff of the Dial and initiated into the secrets of the printing room -- composition (monotype and linotype), proof-reading, make-up. This practical knowledge was indispensable when I began the Little Review." Miss Anderson one day supplied a missing word to a line by Matthew Arnold that Francis Browne could not recall, and the incident "made a friendship: I became his chief assistant -- chiefly poetic." But soon she "could no longer stay on the Dial -- our poetry society had become too lyrical for Mr. Browne, who one day had been moved to kiss me. He was full of sincere and touching apologies the next day, but I was as sincerely displeased as he was contrite." Miss Anderson went away to become "literary editor of the Continental" magazine; Francis Fisher Browne died a year later, May 11, 1913, after a long illness, in Santa Barbara, California. The incident of the kiss is not at all characteristic of Browne.

³ Ibid., 214-15.

⁴ Ibid., 44-45, 188-89.

⁵ "jh" was of course Jane Heap; the item is headed "Loyalty" and sub-headed "The Reader Critic" in the department "The Reader Critic," The Little Review, VII (September-December, 1920), 93.

⁶ "Art Circus," The Little Review, VIII (Autumn, 1921), 112.

⁷ See jh [Jane Heap], "Exposé," The Little Review, VIII (Spring, 1922), 46-47.

⁸ Jeanne Robert Foster, "New Sculptures by Constantin Brancusi," Vanity Fair, XVIII (May, 1922), 68.

⁹ The Little Review, IX (Autumn, 1922), 46-47; this number was published in 1923, despite its date.

¹⁰ As quoted in Nicholas Joost, Scofield Thayer and The Dial (Carbondale, Illinois, 1964), 106.

¹¹ "'Ulysses' in Court," The Little Review, VII (January-March, 1921), 22-25.

¹² "A Group of Poems by T. S. Eliot," Vanity Fair, XX (June, 1923), 67; in the box of editorial description one reads: "Since the publication of The Waste Land, Mr. T. S. Eliot has become the most hotly contested issue in American poetry. . . . But if one has read Mr. Eliot's earlier poems (published by Alfred A. Knopf) from which the present selection is made, one gets the key to both his technique and his ideas."

¹³ VIII (1916), 292-95.

¹⁴ "Introduction -- A Fair Kept," Vanity Fair: Selections from America's Most Memorable Magazine, A Cavalcade of the 1920's and 1930's, ed. Cleveland Amory, Frederic Bradlee and Katharine Tweed (New York, 1960), 7.